

# Good Morning 514

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## STORY OF STORK AND 'VACUEE' GUESTS for Sto. George Woodward

HI, there! Stoker George Woodward, of Stoke-on-Trent. We've a bagful of good news for you.

When we dropped in at your home in 23 Dale Street, Burslem, the other day, your Mum met us with a great big smile. She was busy, as usual, dusting around those fancy little picture frames and ornaments you made for her in the old days.

But she was not too busy to stop to tell us the latest about all the Woodwards.

"George'll want to know first about his three-year-old niece, Joan," she said. "She's always been crippled, and last time he was on leave he was worried because she'd had her leg in plaster for six weeks. Will you tell him that Joan can now, for the first time, walk as well as anybody?"

And that reminded your Mum of your other little niece, Jean. This eight-year-old is looking forward eagerly to the arrival of a new brother or sister.

"She calls it 'the vacuee who's coming to stay with us,'" your Mum chuckled.

You've heard, of course, George, that sister Jennie has just promised to become Mrs. Alf Glover. But did you know that she's now holding down your old job on the milk round?

In her off-time she's almost as busy as your best girl, Connie. They are both planning away for that little home of their own they're going to have one of these days. Connie, by the way, often pops in after factory hours to swap news of you with the others.

Incidentally, we dashed along to Lincoln Street later, and, as

★  
STUART MARTIN  
tells the story of the  
pretty little Irish  
dishwasher who became  
"The most notorious  
woman in Europe"  
★



it happened, found Connie settling down to write to you. When we had recovered from the effects of Connie's dazzling smile, she gave us a message for you.

"George wants me to learn to play the piano," she told us. "So I'm having a shot at teaching myself."

And after hearing a sample of her playing, George, we've got to admit that she's trying hard.

Gosh! We nearly forgot to tell you about that pile of love and kisses Connie's saving up for your next leave. Some guys have all the luck!

"Dad's on the day shift this week, so I reckon you'll have to go round to a certain munitions factory if you want to meet him," your mother told us, as she rubbed up that nifty submarine model you made on your last leave. (It still holds pride of place on the parlour mantelshelf.)

"You can tell George," Mum said, as she saw us to the door, "that everyone of us is just waiting to see him come striding along Dale Street again. And if you have any more room—would you give him my best love?"

coupons and the thought of something new to wear, preparations are necessary.

Seven-year-old Ann gave us a grand interview for Daddy. "Will my Daddy know me? I'm not dressed up," she said as she posed for a picture.

"I can write well at school now. I'm going to write to my Dad." And she had plenty more to say. "I like my Dad. He took me to town and to Belle Vue. He took me to Liverpool to see the boats. We played 'Lions and Tigers.' He played with me one day when he wanted to go to bed. I am going to write to him."

Edith sends her love to you, Jack. She had a week at Rhyd with the children and your mother. They had to walk around in the cold, but they enjoyed it.

She says that the letters are not so frequent now because she has her hands full. (You know your children.) Her sister Alice was at home when we called, and there is a grand new radio set in the living-room.

They all look forward to seeing you in the near future. Good hunting!

# Perpetual Smile of Chicago May

THE late Lord Darling, renowned wit of the Bench, was seldom at a loss for a retort during the hearing of a case; indeed, sometimes he used to strain relativeness in order to get in a flash that would bring smiles of agreement from counsel of both sides.

But I remember a day when Justice Darling had no retort, no flash of wit; a day when he sat back, lips compressed, face white, eyes losing lustre. The reason was that a prisoner had hurled at him from the dock a stream of the most violent abuse ever heard in a criminal court.

And Justice Darling hadn't a word to reply, while counsel were struck dumb with the viciousness of the attack.

July 25th, 1907, was the day. The Old Bailey was the scene. In the dock stood a man named Charles Smith, and beside him stood a woman named May Vivienne Churchill. She was 31 years of age, he was 24.

They were charged with attempted murder, but we'll go back to the spot where the attempt was made, for it was drama.

On the 15th of that month, about midnight, a man was walking with a woman companion (his landlady) near Russell Square Underground Station, when a cab drove slowly towards them.

There were two people in the cab, and one of them, May Churchill, suddenly cried out "There he is!" The cab drew up and May Churchill and her companion Smith got out. May ran for cover into a doorway, but Smith walked up to the couple on the footpath, drew a revolver, and fired six shots at the man.

Smith was a hell of a rotten shot, for only one bullet took effect, and it struck the man's foot.

Even at that hour there were people about. Policeman Boulding came running round the corner, and Smith, seeing he was being chased, swung round and pointed his gun at the cop. But although he pressed the trigger there was no explosion. In a flash Smith was seized.

May Churchill was found still crouched in the doorway. They

were taken to the police station, and the wounded man was attended to.

The police thought they had just another case of the eternal triangle; but they had much more. First light that broke on this trial that raised it to the dimensions of a "famous case" was when the wounded man gave his name.

It was Edward Guerin.

Let me explain who Edward Guerin was. He was an Irishman, born in 1860, who had served sentences in more than one prison. In France he had been concerned in an attempt to blow open the strong-rooms of the American Express Company, with May Churchill and another man named Dutch Gus; but they were caught. Guerin was sent to the notorious Devil's Island for life.

Now, Guerin always claimed that he had been "framed" by this girl and Dutch Gus. She served three years on that charge and then walked out free.

And Guerin? In that convict settlement he brooded day and night on one subject—how to escape. He was not actually on the island, but on the convict settlement on the mainland; and he did escape.

With two companions he got away in a boat. His sufferings cannot be told here. One man fell overboard; the other two got to Dutch Guiana. Through jungle and swamp, hiding by day and travelling by night, they made their way. They separated. What became of the other man was never known. Guerin managed to get out of Dutch Guiana in spite of all sorts of perils, and ultimately reached U.S.A.

But he was traced, so he ran again. When the police went to his room in Chicago to get him he had gone. He reached London.

Even there he was traced, and the French authorities started extradition proceedings. For a year and more Guerin was kept in Brixton prison while the Law argued the point. Ultimately it decided that as he was a British subject he could not be extradited.

He walked out of Brixton free, and took lodgings with a woman he had known previously.

It was this quite respectable woman who was with him when he was shot at by Charles Smith near Russell Square Station.

Having got that far in establishing Guerin's picturesque identity, the rest followed.

It was not merely May Vivienne Churchill the police had grabbed. It was the celebrated "Chicago May."

As Chicago May she was known all over America, and Europe, too. She had many aliases—May Avery, May Wilson, Lillian White, Rose Wilson, Mary Brown, Margaret Smith, and others besides. But chiefly she was "Chicago May," described by the police at this trial as "the most notorious woman in Europe."

I knew something of this gay, ever-smiling, attractive girl. She was pretty, she was a man-eater. She was Irish, and had emigrated to New York when still a girl. One of her first jobs was that of a dish-washer in an hotel.

But she didn't stop at that. She edged her way into the chorus of stage companies. She appeared in the "Belle of New York" in a minor capacity. But she was climbing. She mixed with the underworld, became a dope addict, and then a force in crime.

She married the son of a Chicago tradesman, said she had reformed; but the reformation didn't last. She cut adrift again, became a boss of Chicago crime cliques, and so received her sobriquet.

When she came out of the

French prison she set up in crime in London. Oh, I could tell you lots about her. There was a set known as the Northumberland Avenue Gang, and they gave the police a lot of trouble—and more than the police. May was head of that outfit.

Why, when she was arrested for the Eddy Guerin shooting affair the police started in to dig, once they knew it was Chicago May they had.

In the room where she lived, with Charles Smith, forty letters were found from an English peer whom she was blackmailing. Another of her victims was a well-known barrister. Another was a baronet. She had them all on a string, wealthy and famous men.

Her animosity against Eddy Guerin was a private affair. She was blamed by him for "framing" him in France. She believed he would come after her. So she got Smith to go after Guerin first. For May had forgotten that Guerin might come back from the tomb of Devil's Island.

Nothing much was ever known of this Charles Smith, except that he was an American. Beside Guerin and Chicago May he was a dwarf—in crime.

The Old Bailey that day was charged with thrills when the trial came on. Eddy Guerin, neatly dressed, firm features, stood in the box to be grilled by the counsel engaged by Smith and May. But Guerin met their suggestions like an old hand. He had endured too much on Devil's Island to be afraid of British lawyers.

There wasn't a flicker of his eyelids when Mr. Purcell (for Chicago May) thrust at him the quick question: "When you escaped from Devil's Island, did you have a revolver?"

Guerin shook his head.

"Were the other two men shot?" demanded counsel.

"That," said Guerin quietly, "is an invented story."

Right through his stormy career counsel led him, trying to shake his evidence. But he did not shake Eddy's word. Then counsel took up the relationship of Guerin and Chicago May.

You could hardly believe it, but May and Guerin smiled to each other over counsel's head!

"Instead of doing me harm," said Guerin, "I think she has done me a lot of good."

Justice Darling jerked himself forward.

"In what way?" he asked.

"Why," replied Guerin, "I have been able to establish myself as a British citizen."

"Ah!" sighed the judge.

"So you don't fear arrest so long as you keep out of France?" asked counsel.

"So long as I keep out of France," agreed Guerin genially.

Again that fascinating smile illumined Chicago May's face. And it was an attractive face, too.

The defence never had a chance to succeed. It was that Smith had the revolver to "frighten" Guerin; and it was alleged that Guerin had threatened to get May for framing him in France.

But the jury never left the box to consider their verdict. They said that both prisoners

(Continued on Page 3)

## June is live wire P.O. Will Furness

MRS. EDITH FURNESS misses her husband Petty Officer William John Furness, all the time, but she misses him all the more on wash-day. "Jack has done that job for me, and does he do it well!" she told us.

It's plain to see that Edith would welcome a bit of help on these occasions at 205 Sutton Flats, Salford. The reason is June, the youngest offspring. "Never knew a baby of that age to be such a handful," says Edith... and she's right.

June did her best to take possession of "Good Morning" notebook and picture apparatus on first acquaintance. At fifteen months she is what is commonly described as a "live wire." Edith couldn't recount all of June's minor sins. They include throwing sugar, endeavouring to smash windows, and organising the coal supplies for the fire. "We wanted a boy," she says. "We've got one, but she wears skirts."

Edith was in the throes of preparations for two weddings. Her brothers, Thomas and John, will both be husbands in the early part of the New Year, and what with shortage of



We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# WENT TO THE DOGS— Netted £10,000 a Year!

WHEN did greyhounds first race after an artificial stadium in Europe? You'll be amazed at the answer.

It was actually in 1876 that a sporting visionary set up a 400-yards straight track near the Welsh Harp and raced the dogs after a dummy which was drawn along a rail by a wind-llass!

The idea didn't catch on. And when Charley Munn came to Britain twenty years ago to show coursing people a film of the new greyhound sport that had taken Chicago and Florida by storm, people still weren't interested.

I wonder what has happened to that film? I saw it in a stuffy little cinema in Wardour Street, and thought very little of the crude track it depicted.

It took a veterinary surgeon in the audience—Major Lyne Dixon—to visualise the sport as it might become: the long ribbon of turf, the dogs racing neck and neck, the crowds in the covered stands.

He threw up a 100-year-old practice to join up with Munn. They determined to start greyhound racing in this country, somehow, somewhere. Munn was to find the financial support and Dixon was to find the dogs and trainers.

They'd been busy a week when I asked how they were getting on.

"Not a dog!" said Dixon.

"Not a bob!" said Munn.

Yet they persisted. They joined up with Brig-Gen. Critchley, the man who formed the Greyhound Racing Association. They looked over half-a-dozen muddy sites before they chose Belle Vue, Manchester,

never draw more than 200 or 300 regular attendants.

On the night Belle Vue opened, 15,000 people paid for admission. The attendance had slumped to 6,000 by the third

night, but then it began to rise—and continued to rise.

The following year four new tracks were opened. Dixon, the man who took a chance, was getting £1,000 for each track—and 5 per cent. of gross profits.

I know a man who invested £100—and was soon getting £6,000 a year.

Amazing things happened. One shilling greyhound shares were soon paying 22s. 6d. Speculators all over the country rushed to form companies and secure track-sites.

The National Greyhound Racing Club did not have the authority of the Jockey Club, and soon there were about 150 unlicensed "pirate" tracks to 50 licensed tracks. And they nearly all made money!

**THE MURPHY TOUCH.** The case of Tom Murphy at Charlton is typical. He had swung down a drain-pipe and run away from school in order to join the garish life of the fair-ground. He slept under hedges and beneath caravan wheels before he became a prosperous showman.

Few people, having a good time on swings and roundabouts, knew they were Murphy machines. With the dogs, he thought his great chance had come. He put everything he had into a single gamble.

The Charlton site was little more than a mudheap. He built stands and restaurants, installed a tote—and soon was netting £10,000 a year.

Some of his stunts may now make you squirm. He was the first man, for instance, to race monkeys on the dogs as jockeys. When he died, he was one of the richest men in the business.

## THRILLS WITH THE DOGS

By Dalton Moore



Brig-Gen. Critchley

Have you ever visited the Malta track? Its manager, Jack Pitter, was once a kennel boy. He seemed to show such genius in handling Jeff's Monty and Jeff's Romeo, two greyhound puppies which won nearly £1,000 in their first year of running, that in less than 18 months he went right to the top of the business.

**BIRTH OF WINNERS.** It was estimated not long ago that £5,000,000 had been invested in the dogs in Britain. That's a powerful lot of money, but the sport gave direct pre-war employment to 20,000 people; and 24,000 greyhound owners, too, now own 50,000 dogs between them—dogs born and bred in Britain for the most part.

Twenty years ago nearly all greyhounds were imported from Ireland. Inevitably the war has caused a boom in Irish breeding, but this is only the swing of the pendulum.

Dogs used to change hands for £30 or £50. Now, greyhounds that have never raced in this country have been auc-

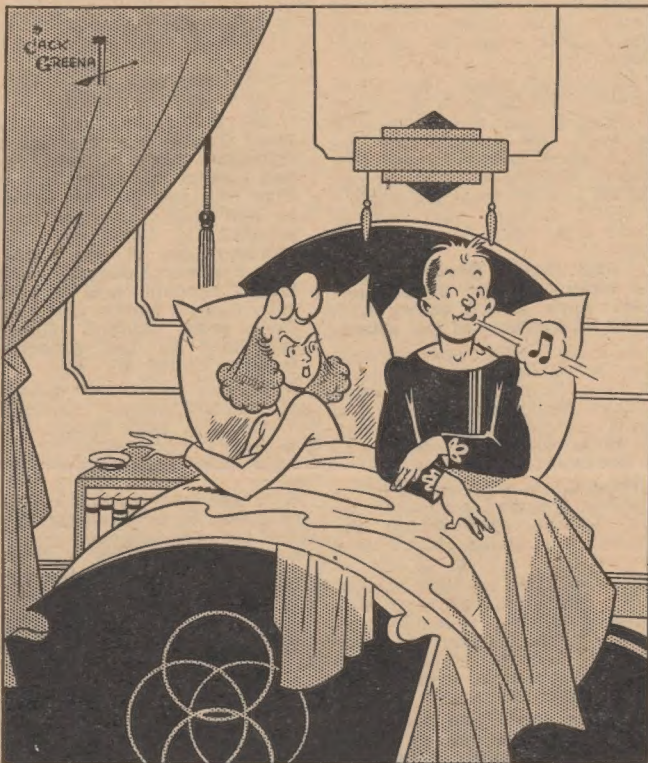
tioned at £800—and one dog, Derryboy Jubilee, was recently sold for £1,400.

It is said nowadays that any dog capable of doing 525 yards in 30 to 35 seconds will bring £600 from a London buyer who thinks the risk worth taking.

One greyhound millionaire, Mr. R. H. Dent, has spent thousands of pounds in his search for champion dogs. At the other end of the stick, I know backyard owners who claim that it's worth spending £60 a year to keep a dog and enter him in races.

If it wins it can bring in £150 a year and upwards.

Owners are expecting an outsize boom in greyhound racing after the war. They visualise new tracks, new chains of model kennels, and track stars who will make Mick the Miller seem as slow as a snail!



"FOR THE LAST TIME 'NO'—AND STOP WHISTLING 'LOVE WILL FIND A WAY' //

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Briskett! Leggo! You rotter! I saw 'im first!"

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



**E**DUCATIONISTS are at it again over the alleged lack of importance given to the teaching of English in our schools. It should certainly be a primary aim of education to give every child a sound knowledge of his mother tongue, yet after many years of national schooling, how many people there are who fail to express themselves clearly in their own language!

This applies not only to the poorer people, but also to many of the richer ones, especially of the class known as "good business men."

The Civil Service and all Government departments are great sinners against the purity and clarity of the English language, and as for lawyers, well, the least said the better.

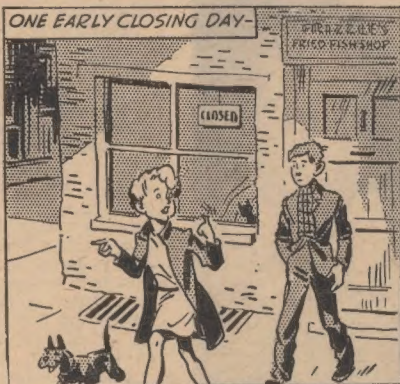
In language training the B.B.C. can do much to help. People laugh sometimes at the precise accent and meticulous pronunciation of news readers, but these men can be understood, and they seek to standardise their English.

Dialects are interesting local curiosities, but in a small country like ours, is it not time we all spoke the same language?

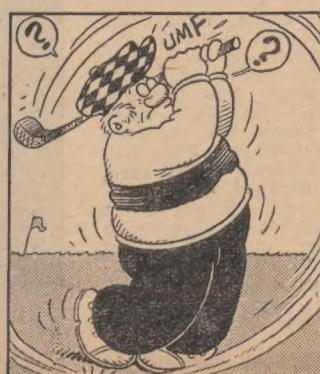
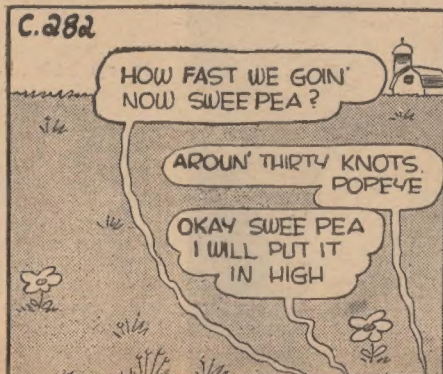
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



**N**OT even the war can keep from the talent. A great career is predicted for Jean Quertier, 18-year-old Middlesex girl, who is styled England's best lawn tennis prospect in years.

Already—according to Frank Shields, Wimbledon finalist now serving with the United States Army in Britain—she hits the ball harder on the forehand than does Alice Marble, the reigning Wimbledon champion.

Jean, a product of the Junior Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, has partnered Shields several times this summer in doubles. She is expected to prove one of the main Centre Court attractions after the war.

Schoolboy cricketer of promise is John Bartlett, of Bognor (Sussex). Although only 16, John is more than 6ft. tall. He bowls slow leg breaks, and has taken more than 100 wickets this season.



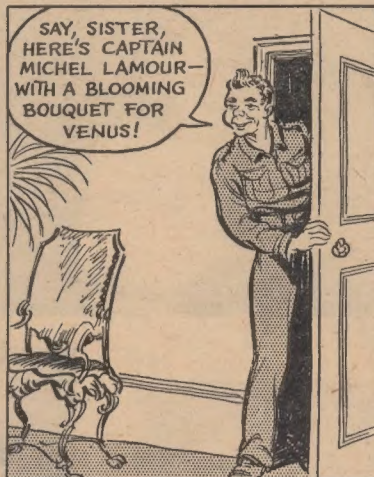
# WANGLING WORDS—453

1. Insert seven consonants in \* O \* O \* A \* A \* E \* and get a mountain in Mexico.  
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Yarntorc raym tique yрма.**  
3. In these four languages the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 9366374, 215809, 21580CE, 32374.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 452

1. YORKSHIRE.
2. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.
3. Czech, Zulu, Pole, Laplander, Roman.
4. Newbolt, Burns.

# JANE



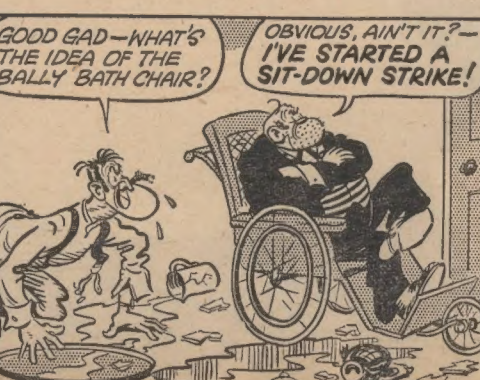
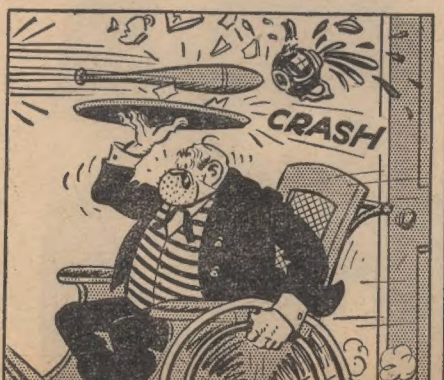
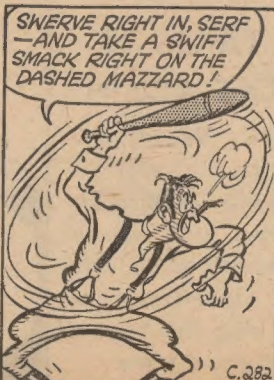
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# CHICAGO MAY

(Continued from Page 1)  
were guilty of trying to murder Guerin.

Justice Darling turned to Chicago May first. He did not read her a lecture. He just sentenced her to fifteen years' imprisonment.

And, believe it or not, Chicago smiled to him as he pronounced the sentence; and smiled afterwards, too. Such a charming smile!

As for Smith, when he heard his sentence he went off the deep end. He was given a life sentence. For one second he seemed to be stupefied; then the torrent of abuse started, could not be stopped, and was still going on when he was dragged below.

And Chicago May was smiling still.

An order was also made for the deportation of both to America. Chicago May served over ten years in Aylesbury Prison, and then was sent back to U.S.A.

Smith was sent back in 1922. And there May lived up to her title in Chicago, not always working with Smith.

If it is of any interest to you, I can take you to the end of Chicago May's trail. She "reformed" once more, and

wrote what was said to be her life "as a warning" that crime doesn't pay.

Then she died. She went into a hospital in Philadelphia one day and never came out. And that smile that had lured so many men to destruction was on her face when she went to the greatest trial of all, to a Court she couldn't dodge and the judgment she could not appeal against.

# QUIZ for today

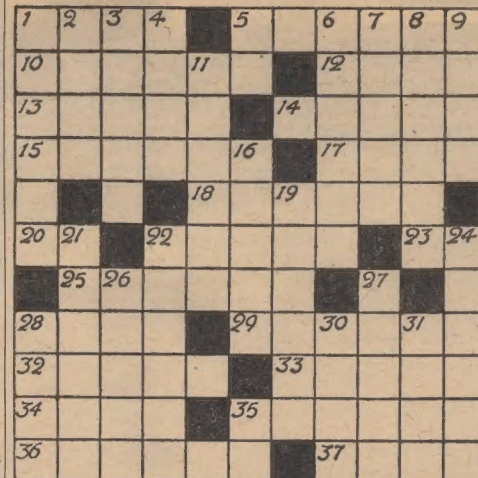
1. Multure is a drink, bird, ground-up grain, fertiliser, cattle-food, litter of feathers?
2. What is the difference between Muslim and Muslim?
3. Where was the first Prince of Wales born?
4. What is the longest river in the British Isles?

5. Who or what was Cerberus?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Leage, Picturesqe, Disc, Fatigue, Grotesque, Plage.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 513

1. Cover with wax
2. Censer is a pan in which incense is burned; a censor is an examiner of books, correspondence, etc.
3. Bull.
4. Colombia.
5. (a) 7, (b) 6.
6. Irreverent, Irreversible, Irrevocable, Irrigate, Irritate.

# CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Talon.
- 5 Greater.
- 10 Polar radiation.
- 12 Storm.
- 13 Hag.
- 14 Five francs.
- 15 Bed canopy.
- 17 Eager.
- 18 Relax.
- 20 Thus.
- 22 Tennis equality.
- 23 Great (short).
- 25 Table game.
- 28 Work hard.
- 29 Cuba's capital.
- 32 Make cheery.
- 33 Silk fabric.
- 34 Spaces of time.
- 35 Harmful fly.
- 36 Deep collar.
- 37 Fat.

PASSED NEWS  
OWN MOP NET  
MAIDEN BOAR  
PIPER LAURA  
T WIPING N  
ASP TUB HAD  
B ELUCID C  
ARRAS RIVER  
SOUP WAPITI  
ELK MAT SIP  
DEER DEFACE

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Spiny plant.
- 2 Entice.
- 3 Sprang up.
- 4 Accustomed.
- 5 Cry of surprise.
- 6 Lubricant.
- 7 Bisect.
- 8 Urging.
- 9 Perused.
- 11 Staggered.
- 16 Boisterous.
- 19 Seas.
- 21 Gratify.
- 22 Compendium.
- 24 Part of Kent.
- 26 Scout.
- 27 African language.
- 28 Flat piece.
- 30 Competes.
- 31 Nuzzle.
- 35 Word of thanks.

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 37

1. When Nancy said "Hair," Fred said "Ride." What word linked these two ideas in Fred's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Herbert, Thomas, Lesley, Walter, Martin, Edward.
3. If some Irishmen have red hair, all red-headed men speak Welsh, and no Welsh-speaking men are dark, is it necessarily true that (a) there are no dark Irishmen, (b) all Welsh-speaking men are Irish, (c) all Welsh-speaking men have red hair?

4. If a week ago next Monday is two weeks before the day after the morning following my birthday, and the day before yesterday was Wednesday, when is my birthday?

(Answers in No. 515)

## Answer to Test No. 36.

1. Arm.
2. Birkbeck is a University College; others are schools.
3. Eggs.

## SHE WASN'T PLAYING

AN Indian tailor who lost all his possessions, including his sewing machine, while gambling, ended by staking his wife in the hope of regaining his losses. His wife heard that she was being played for, and left home.

## Alex Cracks

"Anybody call while I was out?" asked the boss.  
"Yes, sir," replied his office-boy. "A man came in and said he wanted to kick you."  
"Oh! And what did you say?"  
"I said I was sorry you were out!"

Grocer: "My son—the one that used to help me in the shop here—he's gone in for boxing. Won a championship, too!"  
Customer: "The light-weight championship, of course?"



"Thumb's wrong!"

## Censor takes his jacket off

USING up blue pencils at the rate of one an hour, the censor sticks gallantly to his labours.

Here's the maestro's latest masterpiece:—  
Charley loves good cake and ale;  
Charley loves good candy;  
Charley loves to the girls  
When they are clean and handy.  
Charley is nothing if not fastidious. Let all who would win his favours remember that cleanliness is next to godliness—if, in fact, it is not before it.



Good  
Morning



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! There would be something wrong somewhere if the precise spot of England where Englishmen first won their rights didn't belong to the people to-day. But rest your fears — Runnymede, that historic island in the Thames where Magna Charta was signed, is still the property of all of us — thanks to the National Trust.



"I know Sooty. I know you're hungry. But if you will stop out all night, you must expect to miss your meals. Anyway, what's a cod's head compared to what you've had!"

#### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Polly, put it on again."



#### POLLY TAKES IT OFF AGAIN

Polly Ward, the nation's indefatigable stripper, does not spare herself when it's a question of giving the boys a good time.